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REV. JAMES CHALMERS, NEW GUINEA.

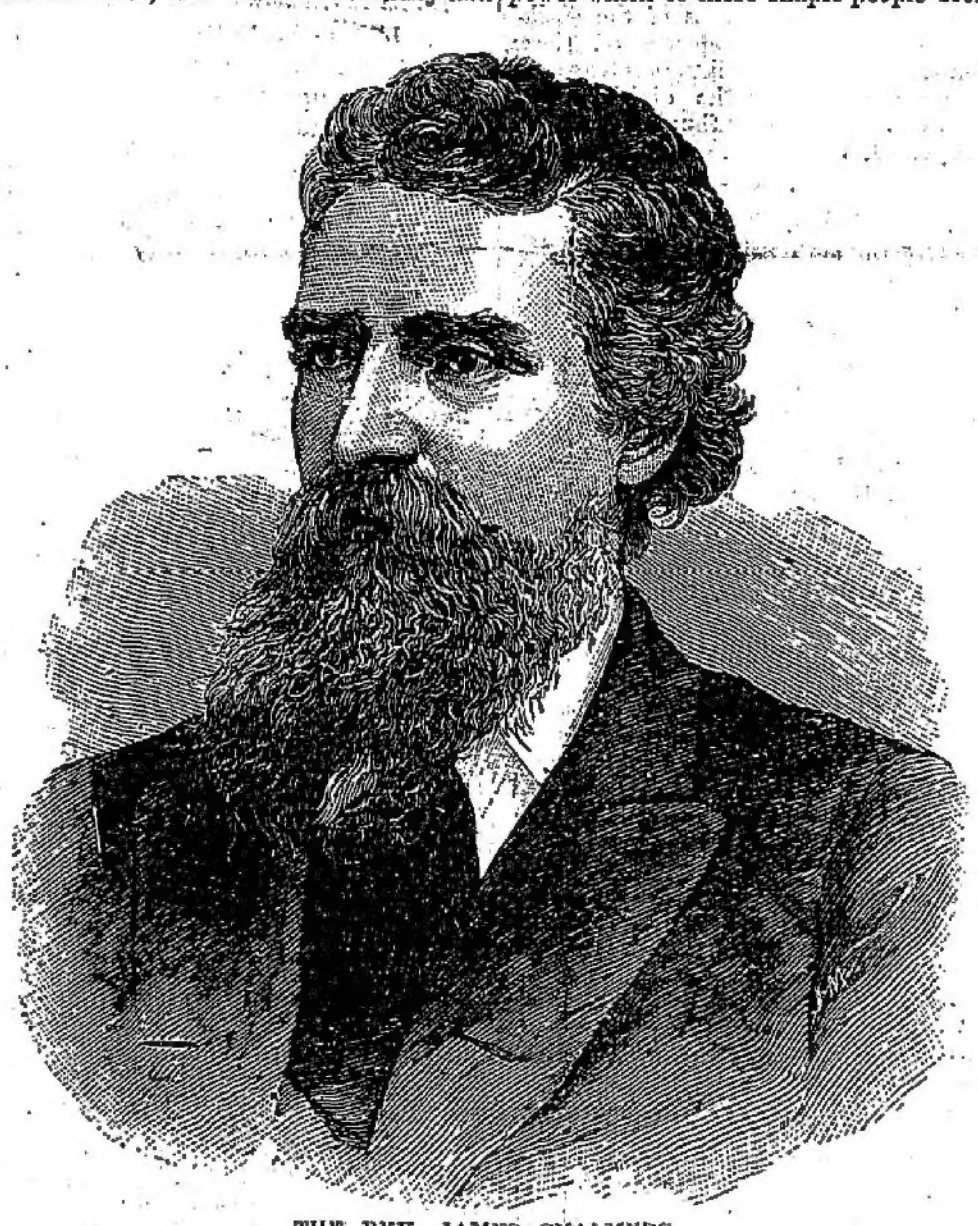
One of the foremost among that small band of brave men by whose efforts the savages of Papua, or New Guinea, are rapidly being won to Christianity, is Rev. James Chalmers.

He possesses qualities which are like so many passports to the bearer in the midst of a barbarous people. Attractive in appearance, above the average height, of strong physique, a frank and manly bearing veiled by an indefinable expression of modesty, presenting a personality to which the most treacherous cannibals at once give their favor, and soon after their confidence—these qualities, combined with great courage, tact, and knowledge of native life and ideas, have enabled him to penetrate into regions hitherto untrod by the white man.

It may be of interest to mention a few circumstances in Mr. Chalmer's history prior to his becoming a missionary in Papua. He was born in 1841 at Ardrishaig, Argyleshire, and became a member of the United Presbyterian Church in 1860. After a course of study at Cheshunt College and Highgate, he was appointed to Rarotonga. Having married Miss J. R. Horeus, he sailed from London in the "John Williams" in the month of January, 1866. At Aneityum the ship struck on a reef, and returned to Sydney for repairs. After visiting several of the stations, she was wrecked on the island of Niue, with some of the missionary party on board. They ultimately arrived at Rarotonga in May, 1867. In July of the same year, the Rev. E. R. W. Krause returned to England, leaving the Mission in Mr. Chalmers' charge. Here he conducted the pastoral work in the native churches, also the Theological Institution for training native preachers, and the various schools on the Island. Having been appointed to New Guinea, he left Rarotonga in May, 1878.

After some preliminary labors and early troubles on Suau, or Stacey island, and the mainland, he began his journeys, accompanied by Mrs. Chalmers, among tribes supposed to be hostile, travelling unarmed, trusting to Him in whose work he was engaged. He says, "Only once in New Guinea have I carried a weapon, and then we had spears thrown at us." Mrs. Chalmers had the happy art of drawing the savages to her, and of inspiring confidence. She seemed fearless, and made these wild children of nature greatly respect her. Resolute in character, no circumstances of a seemingly untoward nature could turn her aside from the plain path of duty. When her friends in Australia tried to persuade her to remain there for a year or two, while Mr. Chalmers selected a position and prepared a home, her firm reply was, "No! my place and my duty are with my husband."

After five weeks' journeying, during which they had very great difficulty in obtaining bearers, they were detained for some time at Uakinumu. One night, after all in the village had retired to rest, a peculiar noise was heard, as of some one in great distress; then loud speaking in a falsetto voice, and all know that they had a spiritist near, and revelations were about to be made. The travelling party were all named, and the places they were to visit. Mr. Chalmers felt anxious, for if the revelation should be the least doubtful, no native would go with them. However, it was all right, they were good men and kind, and the villagers would all willingly receive them. The influence of the tribal chiefs has been quite undermined by these sorcerers, until scarce any are left to wield authority. Now, however, the real power along the coast covered by the Mission stations is exercised by Mr. Chalmers, and also in many places far inland, for, under the name of "Tamate" (teacher), he is beloved by all. Everywhere "maino" (peace) follows the footsteps of Tamate. He settles their quarrels; often he is sent for from very long distances to act as the arbitrator among tribes which are at war. As an English naval officer testified lately: "Everywhere Tamate's influence is supreme;" he soothes their excitable minds, calms and drives away their fears with a power which to these simple people seems wonderful, so that the very name "Tamate" has come to signify "peace."



THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

At the close of 1880 reports were brought to Mr. Chalmers that the Elema natives purposed making a raid to kill him and Ruatoka, the native teacher, and then attack right and left, and "pay off all accounts." Under these circumstances he resolved to visit Motu-motu, and beard the lion in his den. It was a bad season for travelling; the natives said it was too late, but he resolved to try. Before setting out, he opened the new church at Port Moresby, and baptized the first three New Guinea converts. The church was crowded, and all seemed interested.

On January 10, 1881, he started. The leader ran away, but Huakonio, one of the baptized three, was willing to go. The boat's crew were considered fools, rushing into the arms of death. Wives, children, and friends, gathered round weeping. Huakonio told Mr. Chalmers afterwards that every means save physical force were used to prevent their accompanying him, and added, "We know it is all right; the Spirit that has watched over you in the past—naming the various journeys—will do so now; and if we return safe, won't the people be ashamed?" The visit proved successful. Semese, the old chief of Lese, was pacified first. When met he was in a towering passion, and all that Mr. Chalmers could understand was that somebody was a thief and a liar. But wrath soon fled, and a feast was prepared; both chief and people were charmed, and quite willing to make peace, and pay a return visit.

This advantage was turned to good account, as Semese was taken on to Motumotu, where Raho, his son, was chief. Semese spoke nearly all night, exhorting to peace, and that now "Tamate" and the Port Moresby people had visited them, they ought no more to go about exalting themselves, fighting with their neighbors, and speaking evil of their friends. Thus peace was made. Raho's son was named Tamate, and his namesake grimly observes, "I have no doubt he will be an expensive honor."

Soon after his return, Mr. Chalmers baptized Kohu and Rahela, the first two women of New Guinea converted to Christianity. We echo his prayer: "May they be kept as true ministering women for Christ!"

In May, Mr. Chalmers left for Port Moresby, and took a westerly course. He anchored in Hall Sound next day, opposite Delena. The chiefs, Kone and Lavao, came off, and said it was useless to go on to Maiva, it being impossible to land there. He went ashore at Delena, and, in a survey of the country, was astonished to find a beautiful tract of land, forming a splendid position for a mission house. Kone offered as much land as he needed, and, after thinking it over, Mr. Chalmers decided to build, then landed his tents, and pitched them on the rising ground above the village.

When telling the people that there would be no work for them on Sunday, Kone said, "Oh, we know! and we too are going to be *helaka* (sacred) to-morrow." On being asked how he had come to know

about Sunday, he replied, "From Boera." Thus the teaching given at one place reaches and influences many villages, and sometimes those are at a great distance. Mr. Chalmers found heathen repeating the Lord's Prayer, asking a blessing and giving thanks before and after meals, telling Bible stories, and preaching Christian doctrines, in very out-of-the-way places. The trading instincts of the people lead them to the villages, where the teachers are located, and they carry away more than the price of their produce.

On the Sunday following they had service, Kone being the interpreter. But the wary missionary was not deceived by outward appearances. About a week after occurred the Delena fray. When the fight began in the village, there was a shout for the missionary to go and fight with his gun. He went, but unarmed. Rushing into the *melee* he shouted, "Moino!" (peace), and soon there was a hush in the terrible storm. Walking through the village, he disarmed some of the combatants. Then Kone pointed out "Arua," the chief, or sorcerer of the attacking party. He recognized in him a man, who, on a former visit, had left his presence in great wrath. Taking his weapons from him, Mr. Chalmers linked his arm and walked him up the hill, talking kindly; he showed him the Mission flag, and said that was "Maino," at the same time warning him that on no account must he ascend the hill. All right: Arua would stop fighting. Soon after, Mr. Chalmers was again brought out by the report that Kone was about to be killed. More warriors had arrived. The attacking chiefs assured him they would not come near the Mission premises, but he replied, "Right, friends, but you must stop fighting, and on no account injure my friend Kone." Then he called a meeting, and they all agreed to peace. After the fray was over, the Deleda natives said, "Well, Tamate, had you not been here, many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return."

After an absence of a few months, Mr. Chalmers returned to Delena to get his boat for further aggressive work, and to take Kone with him. As he approached, all was hushed. Lavao stepped on board, and was asked, "Where is Kone?" After a time the reply came. "O Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead, and we buried him on your ground, near the house of his one great friend." When Mr. Chalmers' feelings subsided, so that he could again speak, he asked, "Did Kone die of sickness?" "No, he was speared at a feast by your friend Laoma, who wished to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him, the spear entering his own breast. On the second moon he died." Here is the lament of the Christian missionary.—

"My poor Kone! The kindliest savage I have ever met; how I shall miss you here! I had hoped you would become a great help in introducing the Gospel into the Gulf, and had now called to take you with me. How anxious he was to be taught and to know how to pray. I taught him to say, 'God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ.' Who will deny that my wind and rain-making friend has passed from this darkness into the light that he prayed for?"

These are but a few of the incidents and experiences of our friend Mr. Chalmers. Those who would like to follow him further will find much to interest them in his journals, etc., published by the Religious Tract Society, under the title, "Work and Adventure in New Guinea."

Mrs. Chalmers, after twelve years' faithful service, had to leave New Guinea in ill-health, and died at Sydney on February 20, 1879.

Along the 500 miles of coast-line occupied by the Mission stations of the London Missionary Society, the light continues to radiate with ever-increasing glow. Before leaving New Guinea for England, whither he had been paying a visit, Mr. Chalmers partook of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, with over seventy converts, and in a joyful spirit writes: The harvest ripens fast: where shall we look for laborers? The Master has said, 'Pray.' May they soon be sent. The light is shining, the darkness is breaking, the thick clouds are moving, and the hidden ones are being gathered in. We have already plucked the first flowers; stern winter yields, and soon we shall have the full spring, the singing of birds, and the trees in full blossom. Hasten it, O Lord, we plead."—*The Christian.*

HELPS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Let the pictures, if any, be true and good pictures, animated and thoughtful works of art, correct in drawing and good in color. Speak of the pictures; get illustrations, suggestions, stories from them; point out their expressive points. To keep many in a portfolio, but to have only a few on the walls and frequently changed, is a plan that has many advantages. Attractive walls, convenient class rooms, maps, blackboards, and pictures are desirable, but by no means indispensable. Some of the dullest Sunday-schools we have ever known we have found in elegant surroundings, while admirable work is frequently done in plain halls or private parlors. A map occasionally exhibited to illustrate a lesson, we think better than one hung continuously on the wall. It is harder to fix the mind upon that which has become commonplace to the eye.

The blackboard is an instrumentality too much neglected in our Sunday-schools. The advantages are obvious, but the difficulties are equally obvious. What can be done by a superintendent who cannot draw two lines in fair proportion, to say nothing of perspective? Possibly a teacher can be found who can draw. If this be so, that alone is sufficient ground for having a blackboard. The advantage of bringing forward people and using their special talent cannot be overstated. If pictures in rapid outline cannot be had, then illustrative figures of lines and curves may be useful. But the usefulness of the blackboard by no means depends on these talents. Noble and striking sentences in prose and verse and the divisions and topics of the lesson may thus be set before the eye.—*J. Vila Blake.*

PREPARING THE LESSON.

One of the most perplexing of the many puzzling questions which arise in connection with Sunday-school work is how to induce the scholars to make at least some preparation for the lesson before coming to class. This is a hard question, perhaps especially so with reference to those who are in the intermediate departments; and the answers to it have been many and varied. However, there is one suggestion which I have never seen in print, although it has been made use of in a number of classes, and at least one Sunday-school in New York—Grace Mission—has adopted the plan, and made it work in with the regular school exercises. This is the idea of having written questions on the lesson for the following week distributed to the scholars every Sunday. Of course, when this is done for the school as a whole, the questions must be on single slips of paper, and prepared by the use of some good copying-machine; but where it is done by a teacher, for the scholars of his special class, it is much better to use blank books, the teacher writing alternately in these and on sheets of paper, which can afterward be pasted in the books. The advantage of this system over the other lies in the fact that, at the end of the quarter, every scholar can see what he has accomplished in this direction during the past twelve weeks.

Naturally, it will take perseverance, and perseverance of the truest, grandest kind, to induce some of the scholars to spend on the preparation of the lesson even the small amount of time involved in answering eight or ten simple questions, and there probably will be those whom it will not be possible to reach in this way. I have known of cases where the plan has been tried with apparently little success, but I have also known of cases where it has accomplished that which seemed impossible.

For the teacher, this, of course, necessitates a certain amount of extra time; but with a little practice it is not hard to see at first the main points of the story of a lesson; and it is almost always better to have the questions bear on this part, rather than on the practical teaching.—*Sunday-School Times.*

As we Live on God's bounty, we should live to his glory.

PROMPT PAYMENT OF SMALL BILLS.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on one evening, and asked to go to help a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house in an alley not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. To-day, he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having warmed and fed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty. He found that there was a bill of Michael Goodlow's, for repairing children's shoes, $10. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 4.

DEFEAT AT AI.—Josh 7 : 1-12

COMMIT VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.—Ps. 119 : 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sin the source of failure and trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 7 : 1-15.
T. Josh. 7 : 16-26.
W. Josh. 8 : 1-29.
Th. 1 Tim. 6 : 6-21.
F. Jas. 1 : 1-15.
Sa. 1 Kings 18 : 1-20.
Su. Matt. 7 : 19-34.

PLACE.—Ai, a city of 12,000 inhabitants (8 : 25), 15 or 20 miles west of Jericho, and a short distance east of Bethel. It is 3,000 feet higher than Jericho, being situated in the high lands.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—When Jericho was captured, the whole city was "devoted" to destruction, and the metals to the Lord's treasury. Any one who took anything for his private use was to be accursed—devoted to destruction. It was supposed that all had obeyed.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *In the accursed thing:* that which was devoted to destruction, if it could be burned, or if metal, to the Lord's treasury. *Anger of the Lord:* not unreasoning passion, but indignation, the deep sense of justice that would punish all wrong. 2. *Bethaven, house of vanity,* or *of idols:* 12 miles north of Jerusalem. *View:* spy out. 5. *Unto Shebarim:* the quarries, or ravines. *In the going down:* into the ravines or quarries. 6. *Rent his clothes:* as a sign of anguish, as was putting dust upon their heads. 7. *Amorites, mountaineers:* to whom probably Ai belonged. 9. *Unto;* in regard to. 10. *Wherefore liest thou upon thy face:* not so much a rebuke, as a declaration that his prayer was heard, and the time had come for action. 11. *Transgressed my covenant:* their promise to obey God. *Stolen:* from God; taking secretly what did not belong to them. *Dissembled:* deceived, lied. Joshua by lot discovered the guilty one—Achan. He did not confess till he was forced to. He had stolen a rich garment, $100 in silver, and $500 in gold. He was stoned to death, and burned with all his possessions. If his children suffered, they must have been partakers of the guilt. The punishment was so severe because the sin was very aggravated. It was wilful disobedience, it was high treason, it was lying, stealing, and murder, for 36 men died in consequence of it. It endangered the whole nation, and the true religion. It was necessary to show the people that they *must* obey if they would succeed.

SUBJECT: FAILURE AND TROUBLE THROUGH SIN.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE FAILURE (vs. 1-5).—What city did the Israelites attack next after Jericho? Where was Ai? How large a city was it? (Josh. 8 : 25.) Who lived in it? (v. 7.) What was the report of those sent to investigate? Were the people too self-confident? How many soldiers marched against the city? What was the result of the attack? What was the effect of the defeat on the people?

II. SEEKING FOR THE CAUSE OF THE FAILURE (vs. 6-9).—What did Joshua do in view of the defeat? (v. 6.) Why should we always take our troubles to the Lord? In what place did Joshua pray? Why there? What three outward marks of his earnestness and sorrow do you find in v. 6? What was Joshua's plea? What bad effects would naturally follow from this defeat?

III. SIN THE CAUSE OF THE FAILURE (vs. 10-12).—What did God say was the cause of the defeat? How could it be said that Israel had sinned, when it was only Achan with his family who did the deed? Are we responsible for the sins and crimes committed in our nation? Who was Achan? (v. 1.) What had he done? What does he say of his temptation? (v. 21.) How many sins did he commit in this transaction? Which of the ten commandments did he break? On what condition only could the Israelites have success? (v. 12.) What is meant by the accursed thing? Is sin usually the cause of our failures? Will a life of sin always prove a failure?

IV. THE PUNISHMENT.—In what way was the guilty man discovered? (vs. 16-22.) Why was his sin called "folly"? Did Achan confess? Was this true repentance? Did it save him from punishment? What was done to Achan? Who suffered with him? Does this show that they partook of the crime? Why was the punishment so severe? Is sin sure to find us out? (Num. 32 : 23.) How only can we escape? Did Joshua succeed after this? By what means?

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 11.

CALEB'S INHERITANCE.—Josh. 14 : 5-15.

COMMIT VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Ps. 37 : 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faithfulness shall be rewarded *in due time.*

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 8 : 1-35.
T. Josh. 9 : 1-27.
W. Josh. 10 : 1-43.
Th. Josh. 11 : 1-23.
F. Josh. 14 : 1-15.
Sa. Josh. 18 : 1-10.
Su. Num. 13 : 17-33; 14 : 1-10.

JOSHUA.—Now about 85 years old.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—During six years Joshua and the people had been conquering Canaan, and the work was substantially done, so that the time had come to divide the territory among the tribes.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. *As the Lord commanded:* (Num. 34 : 16-29.) *Divided the land:* as described in the following chapters. 6. *Caleb:* a prince of Judah, first mentioned as one of the spies (Num. 13 : 6.) *Kadesh-Barnea:* the headquarters of Israel in the wilderness for 38 years. 7. *Forty years old:* therefore he was over 38 years at the time of the Exodus. *I brought him word:* Caleb's faithful and noble action is described in Num. 13 and 14. 9. *Moses sware on that day:* (see Num. 14 : 11. Deut. 1 : 36). 10. *These forty-five years:* from this we learn that Joshua had been over six years in conquering Canaan. For it was 38½ years after his going as a spy when Israel entered Canaan. 11. *To go out and . . . in:* to attend to his duties. 12. *This mountain:* highlands, mountainous region. *Anakim:* a race of giants. *Fenced:* fortified. 14. *Hebron:* 20 miles south of Jerusalem, a most beautiful and fertile place. From this region came the grapes of Eshcol (Num. 13 : 23, 24). 15. *Kirjath-arba:* city of Arba, a giant, who had conquered the city.

SUBJECT: FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE FAITHFUL SERVICE (vs. 5-8.)—Among how many tribes was the land to be divided? (14 : 2-4.) Which tribe had no land inheritance? (13 : 14, 33; 14 : 4.) In what way was the division made? (14 : 2.) Who came to Joshua with a claim just before the division was made? Who was Caleb? What was his character? What great service had he and Joshua done? (Num. 13 : 17-33; 14 : 1-10.) How old was he at that time? What was the difference between them and the other spies? Is there any other way to a successful and happy old age except by following the Lord wholly in youth?

II. THE SURE PROMISE (vs. 9, 10.)—What did God promise Caleb at that time? (Num. 14 : 24; Deut. 1 : 36.) Why was it promised? How long before had this promise been made? Why was it not fulfilled sooner? Are some of God's promises to us a long time in being fulfilled? But are they sure to be fulfilled in due time? (Josh. 21 : 45; 23 : 14; Isa. 40 : 8; 1 Thess. 5 : 24; 1 Pet. 1 : 24, 25.)

III. THE PROMISE FULFILLED (vs. 11-15).—What kind of an old age did Caleb enjoy? (v. 11.) Was this because "he *wholly followed* the Lord"? What place did he desire as a possession? What fruit had he once brought from this region? (Num. 13 : 23, 24.) Who held possession of it at this time? (v. 12; Josh. 15 : 13, 14.) What are all the items in Caleb's reward that you can find in these verses?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What expression is used three times in this lesson to describe Caleb's character? What like this does Christ command us to do? (Matt. 22 : 37.) How does St. Paul express the same duty? (Rom. 8 : 14; 12 : 1.) Is religion best for this life as well as the next? (Matt. 6 : 33.) What are some of the things we inherit from God? (Rom. 8 : 17; Matt. 7 : 11; 1 Tim. 4 : 8; Eph. 6 : 3.) Are there any "Anakim" in our inheritance to be overcome? (See Practical Suggestions; Eph. 6 : 12; 1 John 2 : 15, 16; Luke 21 : 34.) Must we overcome them? How can we do it? (1 John 5 : 4; Rom. 7 : 24, 25.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1888.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1 : 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3 : 5-17.
3. Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4 : 10-24.
4. Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6 : 1-16.
5. **Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7 : 1-12.**
6. **Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14 : 5-15.**
7. Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21 : 43-45 and 22 : 1-9.
8. Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24 : 19-28.
9. Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judg. 2 : 11-23.
10. Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judg. 7 : 1-8.
11. Dec. 16.—Death of Samson.—Judg. 16 : 21-31.
12. Dec. 23.—Ruth's Choice.—Ruth 1 : 16-22.
13. Dec. 30.—Review, Temperance. Num. 6 : 1-4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them close to your breast:
They will soon enough leave your brooding care;
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair,—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run:
There may come a time in the by-and-by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun.

When you long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother! mother!" the dear one calls,
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
The pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair,
Little ones in the nest.

—*Unidentified.*

SUNDAY DINNERS.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

This Sunday evening is so peaceful and pleasant and the house so very quiet, I must write a little in memory of this happy Sabbath day.

In the magazines and newspapers of the present time, also in our modern novels, we find many strictures upon old-fashioned Sabbath observances. We read of children being placed on high-backed chairs and forbidden to get down without permission; they must not laugh, it is sinful even to smile on Sunday. Pa and ma walk around on tiptoe and whisper as if there had been a death in the house. They all walk in solemn procession to church and back to eat their dinner of baked beans, and digest it by desserts of hymns and catechism exercises afterwards.

This is the exaggerated picture drawn by modern writers of old-fashioned Sabbath keeping. Now we neither visit nor have visitors on Sunday, we neither ride nor walk anywhere except to church or on our own premises, and yet a happier little circle is scarcely ever seen than our own children on the blessed day of rest. On Saturday we all do double duty and provide a Sunday dinner that can almost cook itself. We put a piece of meat in the dripping pan to be roasted Sunday morning early, or on Saturday. We prepare a nice dessert, lemon pies or boiled rice with custard. We have our potatoes pared and put in water, and other vegetables made ready for cooking. We rise early on Sunday, sometimes roast our meat with the breakfast fire, then cover and leave on the back of the stove; we even boil and mash our potatoes, standing the dish also on the stove in a pan of hot water; dressing is also made for our salads. The table is set with fresh table-cloth and napkins and the brightest of silver. Our one servant leaves the house at the same time we do, and goes to her church; the doors are locked and we fill our family pew. Church is out, our bonnets and wraps laid aside, and dinner appears so quickly it seems like fairy work. We enjoy a nice dinner on Sunday—and have given many prepared in this way (on Saturday) to numbers of relatives staying at our home—and never keeping a single member of the household away from church service to get the dinner. Our afternoons, after a little bodily rest, are so peaceful; we sing, we read good books, we repeat Bible verses, the children gather flowers for mamma from the garden. Then our tea of good fruit, choice cake and biscuits of Saturday's baking, with happy children around our table! We give God thanks for all these blessings on this day of holy rest and service.

Oh, these lovely Sabbath days! what a halo of joy and peace surrounds them! Will our dear children as they go out into the world sneer at the old-fashioned Sabbath? Will they forget the sacredness their good father teaches them to associate with its holy hours? Will they economize their time for business by travelling on this holy day. Will they secularize their minds by poring over voluminous Sunday newspapers? O Lord, in mercy grant to each of these, my darlings, that they may, when they grow to be men and women, honor Thy Sabbaths and reverence Thy sanctuaries! "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

YOUNG LADIES AND TOBACCO.

A conscientious young friend asks for the opinion of the *Housekeeper* as to whether it is really wrong to marry a young man who uses tobacco.

That depends upon the standard you assume. If you are talking from the standpoint of absolute right and wrong, there can hardly be a question as to the wrong of marrying a man addicted to any bad habit, particularly in view of the recent facts developed regarding heredity. If the fathers transgress in the line of appetite, the children's teeth will be set on edge. This truth, uttered long ago, was no threat, but the statement of a natural law which holds not only to the third and fourth generation but even longer.

Nicotine, the essential element of tobacco, is a virulent poison. It hardly stands to reason that a man can use it all his life and still be as sound and pure blooded as if he had never indulged in it. And, even if the physical harm appear less than might be expected, yet those who have studied the subject most deeply, say that the injury may develop in a moral or mental way, but it is sure to crop out somewhere. But the greatest known harm of the tobacco habit is the transmission of the taint to children, probably accompanied with a hereditary taste for the weed. The taste may not develop necessarily, but the offspring are liable to be sufferers from some inherited mental, moral or physical weakness, which may lead to sin or sickness of a serious nature. No one has a right to marry without considering the possible results to the future family; and in the light of facts and reason, every young lady must decide for herself whether it is wrong to marry a man who uses tobacco. No one can assume that responsibility but herself. We do not recommend her to do so.

But whether it is wrong or not, young ladies will probably continue to marry men addicted to the tobacco habit, for the simple reason that there are very few who are not addicted to it. But when a young woman decides to marry a man, let her do so with her eyes open. If she accept him, tobacco and all, let her resolve to take him for better or for worse and forever after hold her peace. Let her say all she has to say on the subject before marriage and keep quiet afterward. The most women of the present day can do is to teach their sons the wrong of using the weed.—*Housekeeper.*

DUSTER-CASE.

It would often be convenient to have a duster in every room, but a dust-brush seems out of place when conspicious enough to be at hand. Thus, dusting-bags have grown to be works of art.

A simple one to hang on a key-board near the bureau in all sleeping-rooms, is made thus: Take cream or white scrim, twelve inches wide and thirty long. About two inches from the sides draw lengthwise fifteen threads; weave narrow ribbon (the Tom Thumb is the best) over five threads and under five threads; weave in three rows on each side, always putting each row under where the next one to it was put over, the same as splint baskets are woven. Now turn a hem on each side up close to the ribbon; then hem each end an inch and a half deep, and put a "rim" at the lower edge of these hems of one-half inch. Take two pieces of half-inch ribbon twenty inches long, and draw into this rim one from the left and one from the right; fasten one at the right in the middle, one at the left; tie each in a bow and draw up like an old-fashioned work-bag. This makes a bag shape, but its hemmed sides leave an opening at both sides, so that when once hung in its place it need not be disturbed, for the dust-cloth can be taken out or put in at either side. The dust cloth may be a silk handkerchief, or a square of cheese-cloth can be plainly hemmed or feather-stitched down in red worsted.

One may have good servants and yet often wish that a duster was at hand to wipe a vase or brush some books, and if one takes the whole care of one's rooms, surely convenience is of great moment. Elaborate ones hang now in sitting-rooms and parlors.—*Kesiah Shelton, in New York Observer.*

TIDY HOUSEKEEPING.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

People wonder how Mrs. Street could do her own housework, keep her home so tidy always, yet ever be presentable herself.

This required some skill, for she had not even one servant, and must answer the bell whatever she might be doing.

The secret was that she arranged her hair neatly as soon as she arose, dressed herself in a well made home dress, always wore a collar and pin, and was properly attired for the whole day, if she chose to be.

Throwing her bed open to air, she left the room to be attended to after her breakfast was served; between her morning's work and the getting of dinner, she would put her room in perfect order.

In her kitchen closet hung a loose wrapper of neat print, made with full sleeves and close bands at the wrist. The first thing when she entered her kitchen for work, was to put this wrapper on over whatever dress she wore; and if her hands were to be in the water, she drew on rubber elbow sleeves. Thus she was protected from neck to feet. Many a time this wrapper covered a silk gown that she had worn out on a calling trip in the afternoon, or a dainty white suit.

If the bell rang, it was but a moment's work to drop her wrapper and go to the door, looking as jaunty and fresh as if she had a couple of servants instead of performing the most menial of duties with her own hands.

By a systematic division of her time and work, every meal was on time, and each room presentable at all times. Each room had its day for a thorough cleaning, and on the others received the "touches" necessary. All things had a place of their own, and careful habits respected their rights.

The carpet-sweeper was never left in the corner of the sitting-room (with its contents unemptied) to mortify her when some caller dropped in.

That "lazy people take the most trouble," is never more fully exemplified than by the careless housekeeper, who, perhaps, thinks to save trouble by not emptying the box of her sweeper only when it is full. Result—some day when in a hurry to brush up a few bits of litter from a carpet scarcely dusty, a hurried move upsets the box, a draft from an open door scatters the dust and lint all over the room, and the careless, or too lazy to be particular woman, has in consequence of her untidy habit to sweep the whole room.

A thing well done is more than twice done; a thing put in place at once is off one's mind, is where the next person that needs it can find it, without calling upon the time of a second person to hunt it up.

Then one has a sense of security if one does each duty properly; some women enter any room with a harassing doubt as to the state they shall find it in solely from a habit of never doing anything well, until forced to from very shame. Such persons have a chronic terror of unexpected company. They are unnerved unless word is received early upon the promised advent of guests, and then they pray that the guest may be delayed.—*Christian at Work.*

BOYS' BANDS.

Our Boys' Bands meet sometimes once a week; sometimes more frequently. Reading, singing, recitations, study of the catechism and conversation (we find the latter an open door to the heart) enliven the evening. We must be excused if we pause here for a word of exhortation to the mothers of all our boys. With voice and pen we would say in trumpet tones:—Make home happy for your boys. Keep them off the streets. Expect them to be just as pure, just as polite as your girls. Guard them just as carefully from all that will contaminate. Take them with you to church and to Sunday school and remember that in morals as in nature, "Wild oats sown produce wild oats."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

RECIPES.

HELP AND HINTS.

Put tea and coffee away in air-tight receptacles as soon as they are brought to the house. They lose much of their flavor by standing uncovered.

In boiling meats take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soap. In roasting meat pour the grease out of the pan or *dip it out before it gets burned.* It will be excellent for use in cooking. But if it stays till the meat is done it will be nearly sure to have a burnt, unpleasant flavor.

When using stale bread for puddings always soak it in a cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly, whereas that soaked in hot liquids is heavy.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

Egg stains on silver can be taken off with table salt and a wet rag.

Strong black tea, cold, is a good thing to clean black silk.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Scotch broth is considered excellent for convalescents as it is both appetizing and nutritious. Get two pounds of mutton (the rough part of the neck is best for this use), cut the meat from the bones, remove all fat and then cut the meat in small pieces, put it in a soup kettle with two slices of carrot, one of turnip, a stalk of celery and a small onion chopped fine. Add to this one half cup of barley or rice and three pints of water. Simmer for two hours. Put the bones in a pint of water and let them simmer slowly the same length of time: then add the liquor to the soup. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and flour until perfectly smooth. Stir this in the broth and add sufficient salt and pepper to season. Strain the broth before serving it.

CODFISH PIE.—Take a piece from the middle of a good-sized fish, salt it well all night, then wash it and season with salt, pepper and a few grains of nutmeg, a little chopped parsley and some oysters; put all in your dish, with pieces of butter on the fish; add a cup of good second white stock and cream; cover it with a good crust, adding a little lemon juice in the gravy.

PANADA.—Break in a bowl two large crackers, sprinkle a little salt over them, and pour on boiling water enough to cover. When they look clear they are ready to eat. Some invalids like a little pepper over them, with water enough to be something like soup, and others prefer to keep the crackers whole, and slide them out on a saucer and eat them with cream and sugar.

CREAMED CODFISH.—Boil one pint of milk, thicken it with one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter. The easiest way to mix is to put them together in a bowl set on top of the boiling tea-kettle, stir them occasionally, as the butter melts, until they are smoothly blended, thin with a little of the hot milk, then mix all together, season all with pepper and add a heaping cupful of shredded codfish. Serve very hot.

PUZZLES.—No. 22.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

I'm in bellow and in howl,
I'm in porridge and in bowl,
I'm in covert and in cove,
I'm in peacock and in dove,
I'm in workshop and in wrought,
I'm in twenty and in nought,
I'm in anger and in peace,
In estate and in a lease,
I'm in even and in morn,
I'm in oxen and in horn,
I'm in better and in bright,
I'm in daylight and in night,
I'm in squander and in giver,
I'm in brooklet and in river.

HANNAH E. GREEN.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Not looks.
2. Do wash.
3. Get a star.

LYDIA AGNES MAY.

ENIGMA.

I am a plant which you have doubtless seen.
My first four letters form a word which is a noun and verb at the same time.
My 4, 5, 6, give a boy's nickname.
My 4, 2, 7, 3, give an animal.

ALLIE.

ANAGRAM.

Men's greener thorns.

S. MOORE.

WORD SQUARE.

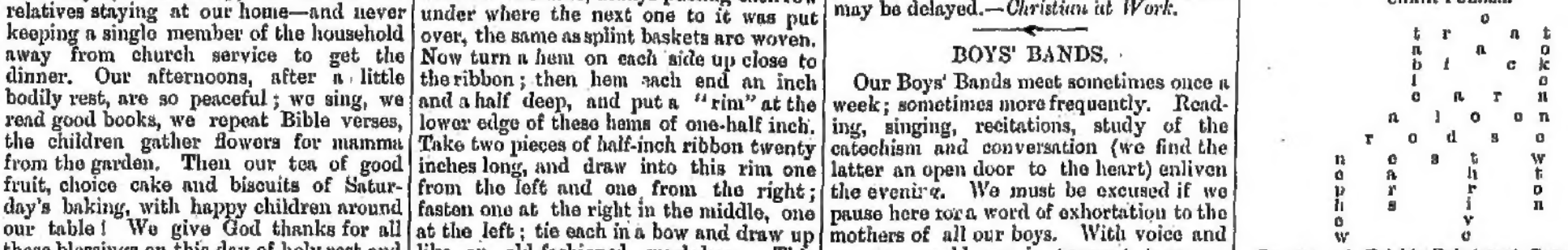
A big man * * * * *
A lazy man * * * * *
A narrow street * * * * *
Wants * * * * *
An appointment * * * * *
Quebec.

S. MOORE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 22.

CHARADE.—Comb-in-at-i-on.

CHAIR PUZZLE.



PLANTS.—A Prickly Pair (pear) Ground pines Golden-rod.

ACROSTIC.—Heather, Anemone, Wall-flower, Tulip, Harebell, Olive, Rose, Narcissus=Hawthorn.

The Family Circle.

SONGS FOR THE SEWING-SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN.

The position and the value of the sewing school, as an adjunct and auxiliary to the special work of the Sunday-school, are generally admitted. In connection with our own chapel we have, not only an industrial *school for girls, including a sewing-school* and a kitchen-garden, but also a club for the boys, with military drill and organization, based upon a pledge against liquor and tobacco for a limited period, and against coarse and profane language for all time. We have found these organizations helpful in many ways, but cannot speak further of them at present.

When we organized our sewing-school, in November, 1886, we found a difficulty awaiting us in the matter of sewing-school songs. It seems that very little attention has been given to the subject, and there are few songs specially adapted to the purpose. Some schools doubtless use their accustomed hymn-book, and we think it a good thing in every way to use one or more hymns as a part of the opening exercises. But songs bearing directly on the work in hand are very necessary and helpful. To be acceptable to the children (and they will not really sing them otherwise) they should be practical, pointed, and easy to understand and to sing. In the matter of tunes, simplicity and brightness are the main requisites. When we began to work, we found only a few songs that pleased us, and we therefore decided on an attempt to procure some new songs. We have now eleven of these songs, written for us by friends of the school. They are set to popular airs, and have proved very attractive to the children. It has been our custom to spend from ten to twenty minutes near the close of each session in singing, and we think the practice has had not a little to do with the success of our work. Our school numbers over two hundred scholars, and has resulted in the organization of three other equally prosperous schools in this city. Two of these use our songs.

We speak of our prosperity only by way of apology for venturing to write out a few of these songs for the readers of the *Sunday School Times*. If they prove to be of any assistance to other sewing-school workers, we shall be very glad; and if any of the said workers will return the compliment by sending us some songs, we will be grateful to them. We can quote but a half-dozen. First, a "Sewing Song," by Miss E. H. Rockwell, set to a bright Christmas carol:

Busy little maidens, singing as we sew,
What is it we're learning? Would you like to know?
Stitch and fell and gather,—gather, stitch, and fell,—
Turn the edges neatly, 'tis not much to tell.

Stitches short and even, set so strong and fast.
Not a minute wasted, soon the time is past.
Neatness, care, and patience,—patience, neatness, care,—
These are worth the learning, here and everywhere.

We will help each other, though our power is small,
As the dear Lord bids us, he who loves us all.
Kindness, love, and service,—service, kindness, love,—
Make the golden staircase to the home above.

Another, "Never Quarrel with your Tools," by Mrs. E. G. Mayer, set to "Little Jack Horner:"

Little Nell Warner sat in a corner
Trying her needle to thread;
The eye seemed too small, 'twould not work at all—
"The horrid old needle," she said.

Foolish Nell Warner! out of your corner!
Sunshine will help in your plight;
It happens this wise: the fault's with your eyes,
You'll see when you come to the light.

Little Nell Warner, shun the dark corner,
Darkness provokes many wrongs;
Make it one of your rules not to quarrel with tools,
But lay a fault where it belongs.

Two others, by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, whose name is well known to the readers of the *Sunday-School Times*.

IN AND OVER.

In and over—out and in,
So the daily tasks begin,
As we sit with bended head,
Drawing out the knotted thread,
Watching how our needles gleam,
While we run the narrow seam,
Baste and stitch, and hem and fell,
Trying still to do it well.

Up and over—in and out—
So we turn our work about,
Ripping when we do it wrong,
Making merry with a song,
Never getting in a fret
If we pucker it, or let
Tangles come, as tangles will,
Spite of all our care and skill.

Sewing briskly, singing, too,
As we push our needles through,
Sure we're learning every day
Something useful in its way
So that when we grow to be
Little women, we will see
'Twas the very wisest thing
Thus to learn to sew and sing.

WHICH IS BEST?

If only our frocks and our aprons
Would grow like the leaves on the trees,
And out we could rush in the morning,
To gather and pick as we please,—

How nice it would be, and how easy!
We never should have a misfit;
No matter how much we might tear them,
We never need sew up a slit!

No tiresome mending or darning!
No use for a needle or thread!
No grief for a hole in the stocking,
No scolding from mother to dread!

And if there was never a lesson,
No writing nor spelling of words,
And nothing to do but be idle,
And chatter and sing like the birds—

How useless, and tired, and lazy,
And mischievous, too, we would grow!
No, no! 'Tis a thousand times better
To read, and to spell, and to sew!

And then two others, the first to the air, "Sing a Song o' Sixpence." The second one the children sing very sweetly as a duet, one-third of them singing the alto part.

SING A SONG OF SEWING-SCHOOL.

Merry little maidens, learning how to sew,
Shiny little needles flying to and fro;
When the sewing's over the girls begin to sing,
Isn't it a pretty sight to set before a king?

The teachers sat before them, and told them what to do,
And how to push the needle in and how to pull it through;
The maidens stuck their fingers and dyed the cotton red,
They snapped the shiny needles, and they tangled up the thread.

But soon the little maidens will learn to help their mothers,
And learn to sew on buttons to please their little brothers,
And then they will be useful, as maidens ought to be,
As useful and as happy as "the little busy bee."

A SINGING SONG.

Happy hearts and voices sweet,
Merrily all we sing:
: Blithely hearts and voices meet—
Gaily our song shall ring. :

When the sun shines clear and bright,
Merrily all we sing:
: Glad songs bring new delight—
Gaily our songs shall ring. :

When the skies are dull and grey,
Still we bravely sing:
: Thus we drive the clouds away—
Gaily our song shall ring. :

When we work and when we play,
Still in our hearts we sing:
: Loving hearts sing every day—
Sweetly our song shall ring. :

We have added choruses to a number of them, with good effect. This is easily done, if the tune chosen requires it.—*Sunday-School Times.*

IT WON'T DO.

BY LYDIE L. ROUSE.

"It won't do, Cynthia," said Mr. Amos Parker to his wife as they reached home after attending the regular Sabbath morning service. Regular service, we said, yet something out of the usual order had happened to disturb him.

"What won't do, Amos?"

"This everlasting cry of give, give. A man no more than shuts his purse before he must open it again. There is something to give to all the time; if it isn't one thing, it is another, and just so long as a man will stand this sort of thing just so long he may. Just now it happens to be missionary money that is wanted, next Sunday it will be something else."

"Why, you have not given anything to the mission cause this year. Of course you meant to give something?"

"Well, I gave pretty liberally last year and I thought I would skip over this time. I'd like to know how a man is to lay up for his old age if he can't keep a dollar by him."

"Now, Amos!" said Mrs. Parker reproachfully.

"Now, Amos, what?"

"Just this. Be a little more consistent when you speak. You gave only two dollars for missions last year and you laid up a thousand."

"Well, if I manage to save something, that's my own business. If I am more saving than other folks, who but myself should be the gainer?"

"Say rather, that if God has blessed you with more means than others you are under greater obligations to him than others are."

"You always go against me, Cynthia. Suppose I gave all that you and the parson think I ought to give, who knows if the money sent to the mission cause ever reaches its destination?"

"Amos Parker! Are you not ashamed of yourself? I never thought that I would hear you bring forward such an excuse."

"Why not? Money has been kept back, and once in a while we hear of it. Who can tell how often it happens when we don't hear of it?"

"Will you please tell me of any investment that is perfectly secure against loss? Yet you do not lock up your money for fear of losing it. Now I calculate that if a man wants to invest his money where it will bring him a large interest he will do well to lay it out in the cause of Christ. 'There is that scattereth, yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' Poverty in this life is bad enough, and while I would pray to be delivered from it, would pray much more earnestly to be delivered from poverty in the life to come. You spoke about laying up money for your old age. You may not live to be old, and then you will not need it. But if you lay up your treasures in heaven you will surely need them sooner or later."

"I'll warrant that I give more for missions than Deacon White does, and he is a richer man than I am."

"That does not prove that you have done your whole duty. I suppose a man might get along without paying anything if he were mean enough. Indeed, I have heard of a man who was recommending religion in a meeting, and he said by way of argument 'religion is a good thing, and it does not cost anything. Here I have been a member of the church for ten years and it has not cost me one cent.' The minister followed this speech with the appropriate remark: 'God bless your stingy soul!'

"But, Amos, I was not speaking about giving to our own church, though you give less than you should. You ought to do more for the support of missionary work. We don't realize the privations and needs of our own home missionaries. Even if we give to the best of our ability we do little in comparison with those who leave home and friends and brave hardships and dangers to proclaim the Gospel of Christ."

Mrs. Parker spoke very earnestly, and her husband's manner softened as he replied:

"Well, well, Cynthia, if you feel so badly, I suppose you must have two dollars to give to the missions' cause this year."

His wife brightened a little, then said, "Look here, Amos, I want you to multiply that by five."

Amos Parker shook his head, saying, "No, no, Cynthia, now you are going beyond all bounds."

"All bounds of what, Amos? Not the bounds of your ability, not the bounds of Christian love, not the bounds of the Church's need, and certainly, not beyond the bounds of the command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"Since you quote that text, Cynthia, I must say that I think the support of foreign missionary work more binding than the support of home missions."

"Well, give to both. We are able. Let us not deceive ourselves by proposing to substitute one duty for another, and then, perhaps, neglect both. Give me ten dollars for home missions and then give to foreign missions just as much as your heart prompts you."

"No, Cynthia, you ask too much. Why are you so unusually anxious to give this year? I can't understand it."

"I will tell you why. I have had my eyes opened. The day before mother died we talked of the duty of giving. 'Cynthia, she said, 'do you remember how you used to grudge your pennies to the missionary box?' I smiled, and she went on, 'How is it now that you can give dollars instead of pennies?' I winced a little, for I had paid almost no attention to your contributions. She saw my embarrassment, and she said, 'I fear you have forgotten what I tried to teach you. I am sorry that my words did not make a more lasting impression. I gave the little I had and gave it cheerfully, but, my child, as I lie here I feel both sorrow and shame because I did not do more for the cause of Christ. Yes, I might have done more, I see it now. How of that hymn:

"'I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?'

"'That is the question, Cynthia. What have I brought to Him, what have I given to him?'

"She was very sad, and I wanted to comfort her, so I said, 'Perhaps eternity will show that you have brought more than one soul to him, and you have given him your own heart. Surely he will not despise that gift. The Lord knows that you had no opportunity to give liberally. He knows that you have borne privation without murmuring and tried hard to do right. He will not withhold for you the praise he bestowed on another, "She hath done what she could."'

"'Perhaps he will accept my poor endeavors. I hope so, I hope so. But, Cynthia, this view of the case will not answer for you. You have means, and you can do much more than I have done.'

"I did not reply, for I was thinking of you. Mother read my thoughts and she said, 'Amos will not hinder your giving it if he knows that your heart is set upon it. Besides, he needs only to be convinced of his duty and he will do it. Promise me that you will give to the spread of the Gospel as the Lord gives you strength and prosperity.'

"It was a good deal to promise, and I hesitated a moment. Great tears stood in her dim, faded eyes, and I answered, 'I will, mother, I will.'

"'God bless you, Cynthia, for I know if you give me your promise you will fulfil it,' said mother, and she looked so satisfied that I repeated the promise in my heart.

"You may easily imagine how her words came back to me the following day as I stood beside her helpless form. 'How could she have done more?' I said aloud. I remembered all her little sacrifices and I thought if she had reason to reproach herself because she had not done more for the spread of the Gospel, there was no excuse for me. I made a solemn vow that from that day I would do more for the Master, that I would not be like those of whom he spoke when he said, 'I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and art dead.' I thought of all our means, that we have not even the excuse of laying up wealth for our children."

Here Mrs. Parker stopped suddenly and wiped her eyes, and Mr. Parker's head bent low, for both were thinking of the bright little son who had once been their joy.

A moment later Mrs. Parker continued: "Since mother's death I have saved as much as possible of the money you have given me. I shall give it to the mission funds together with the sum you give me now, and please, Amos, let it be no less than I asked for."

Amos Parker scraped his throat to clear away its huskiness, then asked, "How much have you saved?"

Very slowly came the words, "Fifty dollars."

"Then I will not be outdone by you, Cynthia, I will add fifty dollars more."

In her joy and surprise Cynthia Parker put her arms around her husband's neck and gave him a hearty kiss. He was not a little touched by such an expression of her gratitude, but wishing to appear unmoved, he said, "There, there, Cynthia, that will do. Aint we going to have any dinner today?"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WE NEVER KNOW through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan; and those three words, "God is love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.—*Miss Mulock.*

A DESERT SAND STORM.

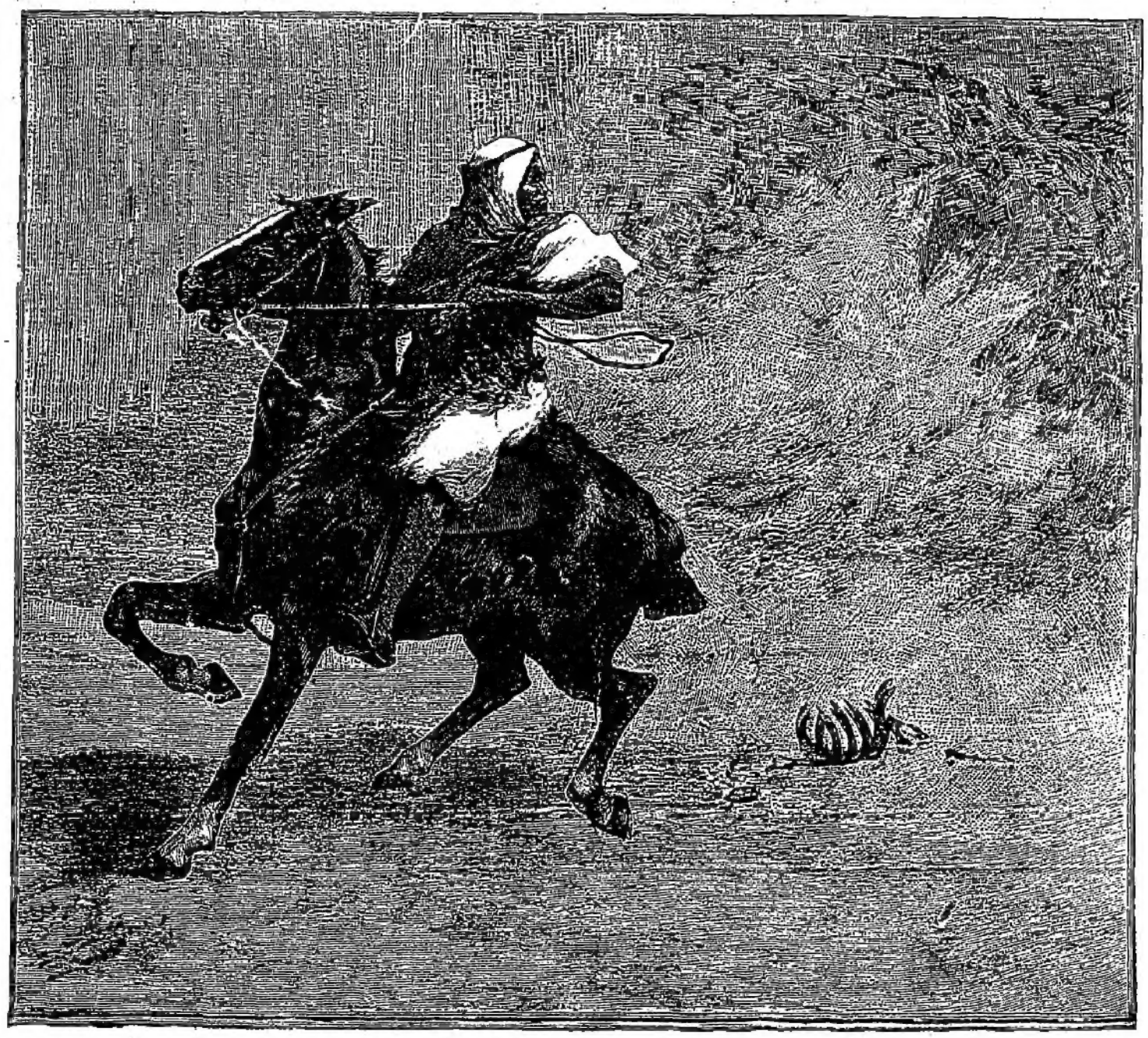
The following vivid description of one of the terribly destructive sand storms of the deserts occurs in "Fraser's Travels in the Khorassan." "Morning still found me in a wide and trackless waste of sand. The wind, which blew so piercingly all night, lulled, as it generally does, towards morning; but the hazy vapor, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose red as blood, gave warning that the calm would not continue long; nor had I pursued my course another hour before the roar of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with driving sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain around me, which had been heaped by former tempests into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got into motion; the sand blew from off their crests like spray from the ocean, and covered myself and horse with its dense eddies; while often unable to distinguish the true course, my horse toiled over the ridges, sinking up to the very girths in the deep, baffling substance.

"I continued for some hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale and the clouds of suffocating sand. To my alarm my horse now became terrified and restive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable as well as unwilling, to face the sharp drifting of the still increasing storm. In vain I tried to soothe and urge him on; caresses and blows were alike ineffectual.

"To abandon my horse would have been to give up hope, for I could not proceed a single mile on foot; yet to remain stationary, as I was forced to do by the animal's terror, meant certain destruction. Every thing that offered resistance to the torrent of sand, which sometimes poured along the earth like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelmed in an incredibly short time; even when my horse stood still but for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees; and, as if sensible of the danger, he made furious efforts to extricate himself.

"Quite certain that my only hope lay in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the leeward side of some hillock or mass of rocks that might afford a shelter till the storm should blow over, I gave up my true course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward; and, at last, when man and horse were exhausted, during a partial lull, I observed something like a rock looming through the dusky atmosphere. It proved to be but a bank of drifting sand with a hollow on the lee side, but here my worn-out horse and I found a tolerably good shelter for some hours till the storm lulled."



APPROACH OF A SAND STORM.

THE SILVER CROSS.

BY MARY LIVINGSTONE SPALDING.

They passed each other on the steps of one of the largest churches in New York City last Easter morning. One was a dainty young girl, dressed in the extreme style of the season, carrying in her hand a bunch of fresh violets. From the top of her nodding gray plumes to the patent leather shoes, peeping from below a "Redfern" costume, she showed the marks of a Fifth Avenue belle. One could not help gazing with pleasure at the perfect dress, but, after a glance at the sweet, womanly face under the shading hat brim, the external setting of clothes was forgotten. This was no frivolous girl, bent on chasing the bubbles which society floats in the air for a season. An expression of quiet dignity and friendliness lit her soft blue eyes with a sincere light, and curved the corners of her lips into smiles for all.

The other girl, who followed closely behind, was as unlike the first one as is a timid wren beside a white dove. She was dressed in black, a little rusty, telling its own story of sadness. The long veil had been pushed back from a young but careworn face, as if she were trying to let the sunshine of the glad Easter morn flood the darkness in her life. And yet she did not look gloomy as she stood in the doorway, drinking in the fragrance of the white lilies, and listening to the low-toned organ voluntary. There was a far-off expression in her dark eyes, as if she heard angel voices chanting a song of gladness to the risen Lord. They passed each other, but as the gray dress swept by the shabby black one there was a pause and glance of recognition between the smiling blue eyes and the sad brown ones, for each had caught sight of a tiny Maltese cross suspended by a narrow, purple ribbon, which each wore. It was only a moment that the blue eyes looked steadily into the brown, before a small, gray-gloved hand stole into a shabby black one, and two hearts responded silently to a sisterhood of sympathy.

"Had they ever met before?" you ask. Do you mean had they ever been introduced by a third person, who, leading the shrinking figure in black up to the graceful one in gray, had, in formal tones, presented Alice Willard to Margaret Searle? No. As they stood clasping hands on the church steps, they knew not each other's name, but what mattered it, for they met "In his Name," as the letters on the little shining cross indicated. Were they not "King's Daughters," and, therefore, sisters, and, as such, were they not acquainted?

Was it strange that Alice and Margaret were at home together, and that when the rich girl turned to the poor one and cordially invited her to sit by her in Judge Searle's pew, that the two should soon be bowing their heads together in silent prayer? Was not the same Lord risen that day for both, and were not the lilies, on which the slanting red light through richly tinted windows was falling, breathing their fragrance for both? Were not the voices of the choir hymning a song of joy, and the reverent prayer of the pastor for both?

After the throng had passed out of the church, the two girls quietly sat talking in an undertone, while the organ notes were dying away in the arches above.

With delicate friendliness, Margaret drew from the timid Alice the meaning of the black dress: "I am an orphan," she said, "and I was born in England. My father died on his way to America, during a rough voyage, but I cannot remember much about that, for I was only a mite of a girl then. Mother and I lived with my uncle, in New York, six years, and were comfortable and happy, but mother died one winter, and my uncle, who had always been kind to me before, turned against me after her death, and told me he could take care of me no longer. Then I found a place at Macy's store, and have been there five years. It has been hard, as I have no pleasant home to go to, and many of the girls are coarse and bold. Last year some of the cash girls overheard a lady talking to another about the "King's Daughter's," and they learned what it meant. I had read about it in one of the papers, so ten of us clerks bought our little crosses, and ever since we have been trying to do little things 'in His Name.' We cannot do very much, but we try to be cheerful and courteous to the customers, no matter how tired we are, and then we do things for each other. Many times I have noticed ladies wearing crosses, and they always have a kind word for us when they see ours."

Then Margaret told her how her "ten," made up of the girls in her set, were also trying to be true and noble daughters of the King. "We do not mean to be gay or frivolous, you know, and while we can't help liking to wear our pretty dresses and things, we do not think too much about them," she said. "But it is harder for us to be good than you imagine, 'though you may not think so, and we have everything we want. People always call us 'butterflies,' and think there is no good in us, or that we only act so for the style of the thing You see how it is. Now we try to influence the other girls not to think too much about parties, beaux and dresses, and to be interested in doing good about the city. We save money from our allowance to buy flowers and fruit for the hospitals, and for fresh air funds. We try to forget about ourselves, and to remember that many, many girls all over New York are poor and friendless."

After these mutual confidences, the two girls parted at the door, but not until the bunch of violets had been slipped into the worn black-gloved hand, and a promise had been exchanged to meet again next Sunday.

It was surprising how many errands Margaret found to do at "Macy's big store after that, and how many of her friends dropped in there. Sometimes they asked Alice to go to walk with them on a holiday or to see some fine pictures and listen to choice music, and they always brought her fresh flowers.

The world has changed entirely for the lonely orphan girl, since she met Margaret on the church steps that Easter morning, and it all came about through that little Maltese cross, or rather through the loyalty of one King's daughter to another.

THE RESTLESS BOYS.

All Sunday-school teachers have a grand opportunity. Those restless boys are just ready to go to Christ: and, if you do not lead them, they will of themselves go to Satan. Very likely they have no one at home to guide them aright. All the week long they hear worldly conversation, and are subject to unhallowed influences. But on Sunday, with the Bible open before you, and the Divine Spirit ready to confirm your teaching, you have these immortal beings committed to your care. You have but half an hour, you say. Then use it—use every moment of it. Prepare for that half-hour work. Pray with reference to it. And be sure your words are plain, practical and pointed. Why not once in a while say a word to John on the street about his soul; or, better yet, go and see him at his home, or write him a letter?—*Rev. Dr. Stryker.*

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy day by measuring the distance we have run, without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

A NIGHT IN A ROYAL TOMB.

The ancient Egyptians believed that after a lapse of many ages the spirits of the dead returned to, and restored to life, the bodies they originally inhabited. Hence their care to preserve the mortal remains of their deceased friends. It is to this belief that we are indebted for the mummies which are found throughout Egypt in great numbers, despite the plundering of tombs which has been in progress for many hundreds of years.

During the lifetime of a king his tomb was made ready. Many of the royal resting-places are of great extent. They are excavated in the solid rock, and consist of a series of chambers, of which only one is actually used as a tomb.

It is rarely less than three hundred feet from the entrance of the excavation to the mausoleum chamber, while some of the tombs have a linear extent of seven or eight hundred feet.

After the completion of the funeral ceremonies great pains were taken to conceal the depository of the royal mummy. The mausoleum chamber was sealed, and its entrance walled up in as close an imitation as possible of the surrounding rock. This imitation was so successful that modern explorers have sometimes been deceived and the location of the chamber has only been ascertained by pounding on the walls, and carefully noticing the sound produced by the blows.

The outer entrance of the tomb was similarly closed, and made to resemble the side of the mountain where the excavation had been made. Rock and sand were piled against it, and the rains assisted in the work of concealment by washing down the *debris*.

The workmen who had been employed in and about the tomb were sent to distant parts of the country, or into the army, or put to death and converted into mummies, in order to make sure that they should reveal nothing. No records were kept, and thus it was hoped that in a short time the location of a tomb would be totally lost.

This was not always the case, as some of the tombs were plundered in ancient times and others were emptied of their tenants and re-occupied. But a considerable number were successfully concealed until the present century, and were discovered by European investigators.

Less than ten years ago a royal tomb was discovered near the site of ancient Thebes. More than thirty royal mummies were found in the tomb, and are now in the museum at Cairo.

There are kings and queens of several families and dynasties, and some of them are admirably preserved. King Pinotem I., who lived and died more than three thousand years ago, can be readily designated as of Nubian origin, and the photograph of his mummy might be taken for that of an aged negro, dead only a few hours.

With the mummy of a young queen lies that of her pet gazelle, and also a basket of provisions which were intended for her use at the moment her spirit should return and she breathed once more in life.

That feminine taste in ancient Egypt was much like that of the present time is evinced by the store of ointment-bottles, perfumery, paints, powders, and articles of apparel, that lay at the side of the queen when the coffin was opened.

Of course, the news of the discovery of this royal tomb caused much excitement among all Egyptian scholars, and there was a great desire on the part of travellers ascending the Nile to visit it. The tomb is at Dayr-el-Baharee, in a rocky valley near the ruins of Thebes, and on the opposite side of the river from modern Luxor.

A friend of the writer visited this tomb the year after it was opened, and his adventure within it was one which few would be willing to share. It is described as nearly as possible in his own words.

"I visited the new tomb at Dayr-el-Baharee, accompanied by a boy who drove my donkey and carried the candles and provisions intended for my day's occupation. I thought a guide was unnecessary, and after unpacking the provisions, I sent the boy and donkey back to the river, as I intended walking on my return.

"To enter the tomb it is necessary to descend a perpendicular shaft nearly forty feet deep, and a rough ladder has been placed there to facilitate the descent.

"At the bottom of the shaft there is a narrow passage about twenty feet long, and then you turn a sharp angle where the passage becomes wider.

"A hundred feet or so from the turn you descend a staircase, and then continue through another passage to the mortuary chamber, some three hundred feet from the bottom of the shaft.

"The most of the mummies were found in this chamber, and the empty cases of others which had been plundered by the Arabs were scattered along the passages all the way from the chamber to the foot of the shaft.

"I got down the shaft without trouble, and made my way along the passages and down the staircase, stopping now and then to study the inscriptions on the walls. They are not as numerous as those on the walls of the Tombs of the Kings, but many of them are new and interesting; I copied a few that impressed me as different from any I had seen elsewhere.

"I suddenly remembered that I was hungry and thirsty, and on looking at my watch found that it was well along in the afternoon; I had been so absorbed in the study of the place that I had quite forgotten the lunch which I left near the foot of the ladder, intending to eat it after I was through with my labors.

"The floor of the tomb is strewn with pieces of rock, and the same is the case with all the tombs around Thebes and Luxor. I had to pick my way very carefully, and two or three times I stumbled over some of the fragments in consequence of the dim light supplied by my candle.

"As I left the mortuary chamber, with my thoughts in the direction of the luncheon that awaited me, I had another stumble; it was worse than all the others, as it was accompanied by a fall, and a fall that extinguished my candle.

"But I did not regard the fall as anything serious, as the candle could be relighted in a moment. Putting my hand in my pocket for my match-box, I found it empty, and instantly realized the awkwardness of my position. I was alone in an Egyptian tomb, with no means of striking a light!

"The darkness was literally 'Egyptian.' It seemed to press close against the eye like a rock; perhaps my imagination had a great deal to do with the density of the darkness, but it certainly seemed many degrees more dense than anything I had ever before experienced.

"Even in the darkest night on the surface of the earth there is generally a sensation of little specks of light, but here there was absolutely nothing of the sort.

"My first sensation was one of horror, but it didn't last a great while. As soon as I could collect my senses I set about devising a way out of my trouble. Clearing away the fragments of rock sufficiently to give me a place to sit down, I leaned against the wall and deliberated.

"At first I thought of trying to reach the foot of the shaft, where I would find light and food, but a little reflection showed that I would run a great risk. The passage way was not regular; its floor contained several ugly holes two or three feet deep, and for the entire distance the rough pieces of stone would be so many stumbling blocks.

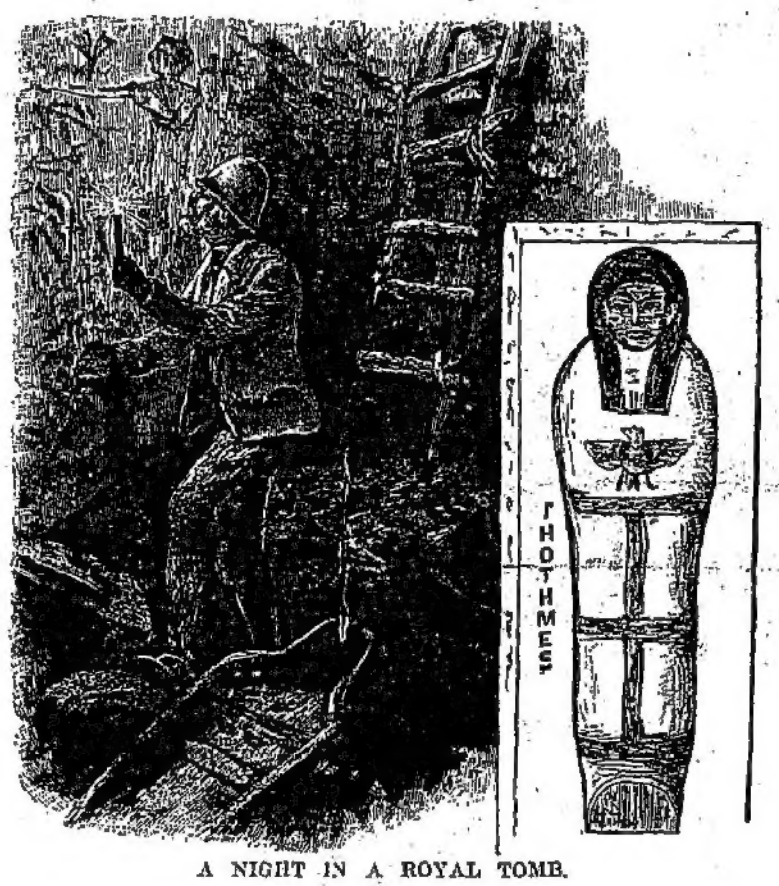
"I was certain to have a good many falls, and any one of them might disable me; a cut on the head might let me bleed to death, and I was far from assistance; but what was the alternative?

"Visitors might come during the day, and I would be relieved. But suppose there were no visitors. What then?

"My friends at Luxor would become alarmed at my absence. They knew I was intending to visit the new tomb at Dayr-el-Baharee, and a search would be organized; but they wouldn't become alarmed until evening, and then it would be too late to do anything until next morning. Consequently, I must pass the night in the tomb!

"Reconciling myself as best I could to the situation, I cleared off an additional space on the floor, so as to have sufficient room to lie down. It was a hard bed, but a great deal better than no bed at all.

"I was hungry and thirsty, and with the knowledge that food and drink were out of my reach, the pangs increased until I was half-delirious in consequence.



A NIGHT IN A ROYAL TOMB.

"I tried to sleep, but my sleep was not restful; hunger waked me every few minutes, and in the sleeping intervals I dreamed of banquets where all sorts of appetizing dishes were served, but just as I was about to partake of them, I waked.

"All the kings and queens of ancient Egypt passed me in review. Sleeping or waking, they hovered about me; but I did not feel their presence a burden half as much as that of my hunger and thirst. They were shadowy at best, while my physical wants were substantial.

"To tell all I thought of during that horrible night would fill a volume, and be anything but pleasant reading. After what seemed an age, and a great deal more than an age, but when it was really about nine o'clock of the next morning, one of my friends, accompanied by a guide and the donkey boy, came to my relief.

"My night in a royal tomb was ended, and never since then have I entered one of the mortuary halls of ancient Egypt."—*Thomas W. Knox, in Youth's Companion.*

JOHNNY B'S BOMBSHELL.

BY A HOME MISSIONARY.

My next call was to M——, a town of three thousand inhabitants in Southern Illinois. Soon after coming, its spiritual deadness hung as a dead load on my soul. I decided to call on every family in the town on a missionary exploration, distributing tracts and seeing into their condition. In about two months I called on them all, nearly five hundred families, and found forty-two families without any Bible in their homes. Soon there were tokens of the presence of God's spirit, and as has been my rule for many years, I went in company with an elder, visited and read the Word and prayed with each family in my church. This has been my rule for many years, and has always been followed by a blessing. A great work was soon on our hands and spread all over the town, resulting in over three hundred conversions, sixty of which united with my church, making it self-sustaining after having been twenty-nine years on the Board of Home Missions.

There were in this work two remarkable incidents. One of my Sunday-school scholars, Johnny B——, a boy of twelve, wanted to unite with the church; I discouraged him, knowing his father to be the leader in the whiskey ring here and his mother being a sceptic. Later the boy came again before the session, and, struck with his persistence, we received him. That night that boy went home and said, "Papa, I'm now a church member, and our pastor requires all the new families coming into the church to promise to have family worship, so we must have family prayer." It was an amazing bombshell in that family, but the boy was brave. He took down a Bible, read the Twenty-third Psalm and knelt down and prayed. Before that meeting closed I received that boy's father and mother and four sisters into the church, and the father became a great power.

The spring before, free saloons had carried every ward in the town, and that spring the prohibition folks, with this boy's converted father at their head, carried every ward in the town for extermination of the rum traffic, and that, too, without holding a single temperance meeting, or signing a single pledge, or the importation of a single temperance lecturer, by simply bringing sinners to Jesus, and letting the temperance question take care of itself.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me.
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
The jubilant floods in praise of Him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He saw His image high over all.

But still wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, in palace, and judgment-hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundations heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your throne and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold:
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In Heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master not ours the guilt,
We built but as our fathers built;
Behold these images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou lovest them, thy sheep."

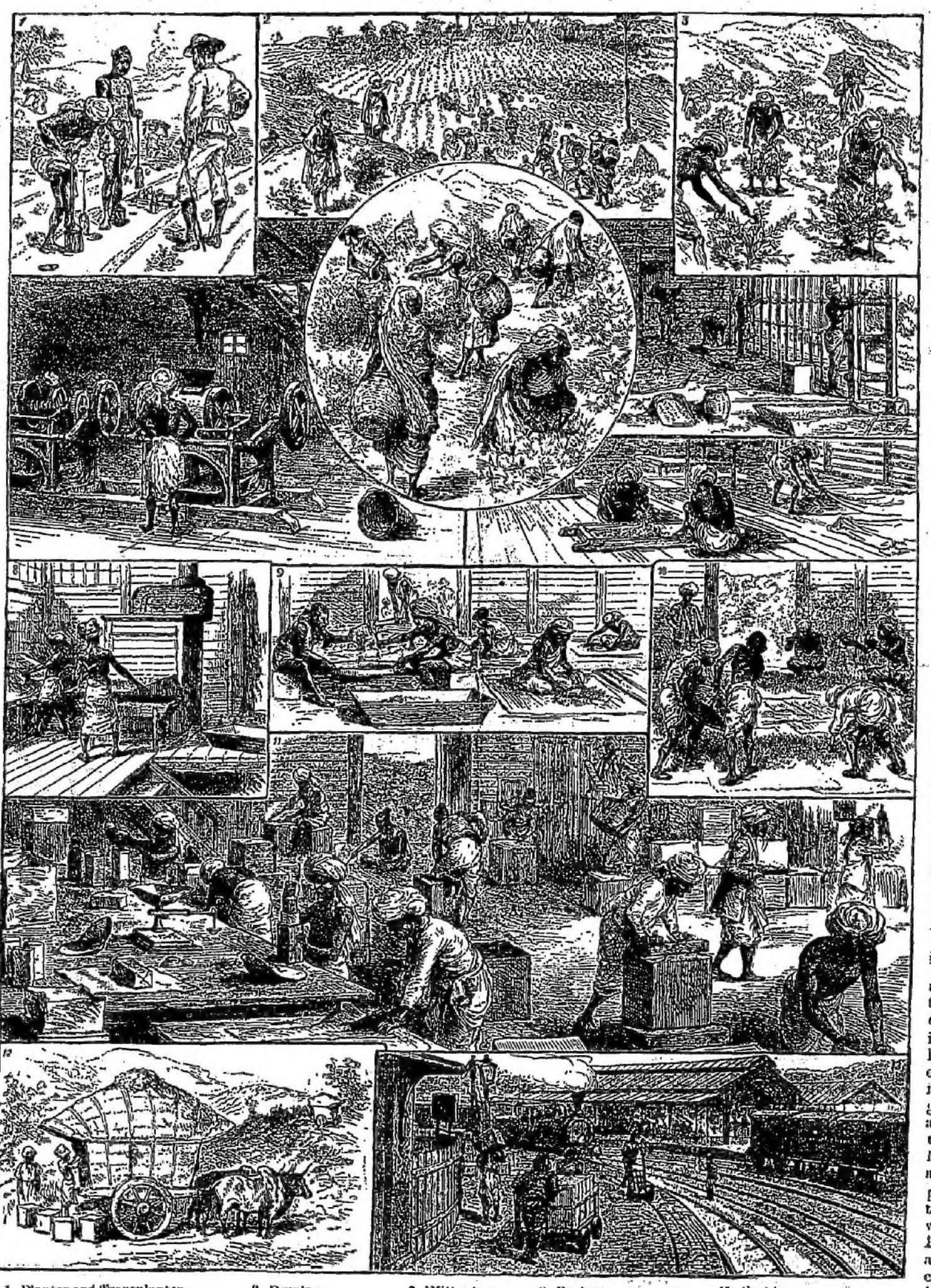
Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,
"The images ye have made of me!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE TEA INDUSTRY IN CEYLON.

Our illustrations, which were published first in the *Graphic*, are from sketches taken by Mr. John L. K. Van Dord, at the Blackstone Estate, Ambegamowa District, and represent some of the chief processes of preparing the tea for the market. When the plants arrive at maturity they are pruned and almost denuded of leaves. From the shoots which follow only the tender leaves are plucked—the bud with the half-developed leaf, and the one next it. These are called "flush" and after manufacture are known as Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, and Souchong, according to the quality of the leaf. Women and children pick the leaves, which are withered in lofts, and then rolled by machinery—the rolling breaking the shells and twisting the leaves. They are now left to ferment in trays and then fired and dried in a "sirocco" or dryer. This is the last process, the tea being finally packed, and despatched to the railway station in bullock carts. The laborers on tea estates, with the exception of a few Sinhalese carpenters are Tamils from Southern India. In the sketch of the roll-call the managers' dwelling-house and the factory are shown, with Adam's Peak in the distance. The monkish looking figures in cowls are laborers, with their blankets folded over their heads as a protection against the cold of the morning. The itinerant tea vendor is a Tamil, and his customers Sinhalese.



1. Planter and Transplanter.
2. Roll Call at Blackstone Estate, Ambegamowa District.
3. Pruning.
4. Picking Flush.
5. Rolling.
6. Withering.
7. Fermenting.
8. Drying.
9. Sifting and Sorting.
10. Batking.
11. Packing.
12. Despatching by Cart.
13. At the Railway Station.

THE TEA INDUSTRY IN CEYLON.

THE LIFE OF A SAVAGE.

It is often said, "Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy." How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighboring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favorite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first-mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day—the hour of yawning and armstretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean:

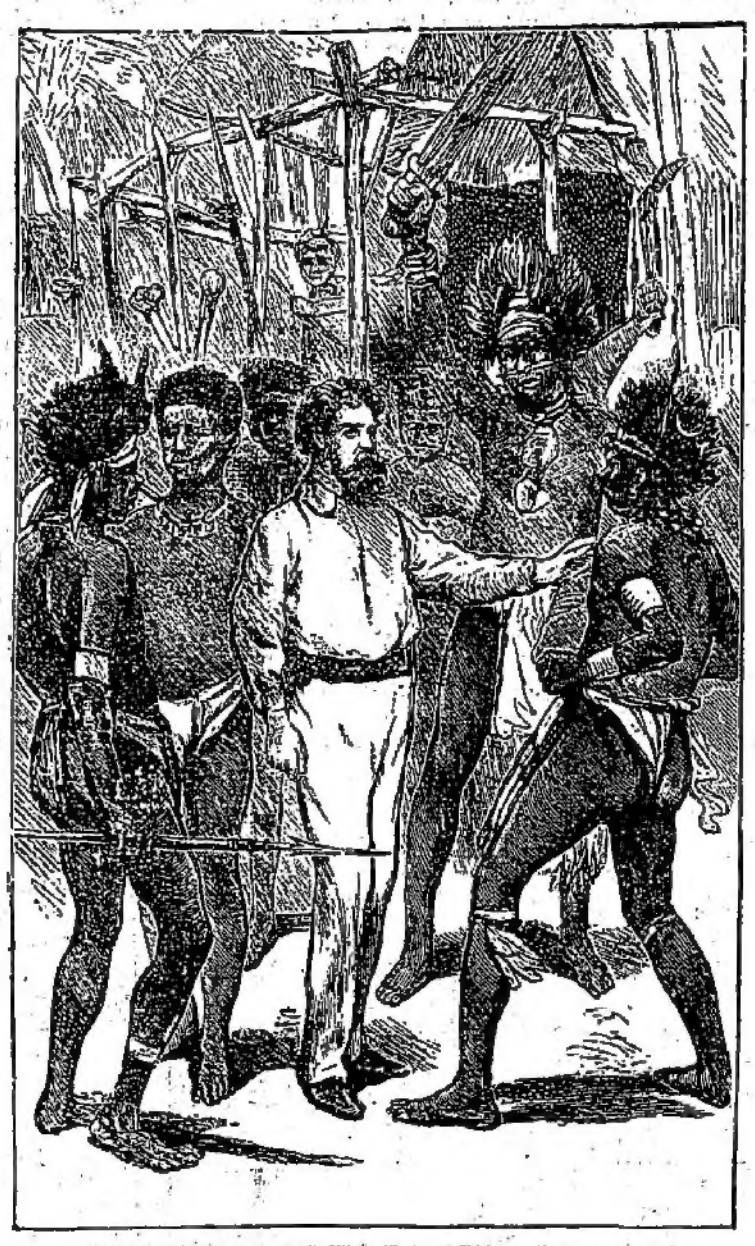
Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor grey-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kalo if it harbored the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, "Every soul must die." The quarrel began about a pig.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast, and the dance. Like life in civilized communities, it is varied and many-sided. There are often seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party, camping in a cave, were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once, when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say that now for the first time they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers, along the whole coast of the peninsula.—*Rev. James Chalmers, of New Guinea.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I have made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them study stenography, telegraphing, and other kinds of business, become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., as they are doing more and more each year, what right have you to sit about, as lazy as a cat, and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves? Don't they like to run and play as well as you do? Don't they need the exercise and fun that you get in the great, splendid outdoors, just as much? Are you not physically stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed-over-and-over air of in-the-house, than they? Ought you not, then, in your big, hearty, good-natured fashion, to "give them a lift," every time, when the work presses on them, and to take care of your own room, if they do of theirs?. It seems to me that is just a "fair divide." Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself and practising economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen—treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician," while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Colorado, and a member of the city council. I tell you, boys who are good to their mothers and to their sisters in the house always grow up to be nice men. Now I'm not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be, and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.—*Miss Willard, in Union Signal.*

As Well Might we expect vegetation to spring from the earth without the sunshine or the dew, as the Christian to unfold his graces and advance in his course without patient, persevering, ardent prayer. —*Abbott.*



STOPPING THE FIGHT AT DELENA. (See page 2.)

"I HOPE SO."

BY REV. W. HASLAM, M.A.

Author of "From Death into Life."

Some years ago, when I was in Norfolk, as my two churches were small, I held meetings for evangelistic purposes in a large barn on my glebe. Having much encouragement in this effort, I went by invitation to other barns in various parts of the country, for the same object.

One gentleman remarked, "Aha! I never knew before what my grandfather built this great barn for. I see now!" With a large farm waggon for a pulpit, blocks of timber and planks across for seats, it made an excellent place for preaching.

At some of these meetings we had people of all classes; for many of the gentry from the neighborhood favored us with their presence.

One evening a lady of title from London came, and evinced a lively interest in the proceedings. When the address was over, according to London custom (at least at that time), she rose up to go away. She did not understand then about "after-meetings," or their object. At the end of the barn a young farmer, who had recently been converted to God, stood at the door, giving away tracts, and speaking to the people now and again, as he was led. Amongst other persons so addressed, he said to this lady from London, "Take a tract." She took it graciously, whereupon he asked, in his abrupt manner, "Are you saved?" She answered, "I hope so." "Haven't you got further than that?" was the reply.

The young man then went on distributing the remainder of his tracts, and speaking to others who were thronging by him.

The lady could not stop to make any remark, for she was in the stream of people flowing out. But she thought to herself, "I have been a Christian for forty years, and yet I have not satisfied that young man! I must go back."

She at once stepped aside, until the people had passed out, watching her opportunity to speak to the young man when he was at leisure. Then she went up to him and said, "You asked me a question just now, young man, and I did not satisfy you with my answer."

"What was the question, madam?" inquired the farmer politely.

"You asked me whether I was saved."

"Well," he added, "and what was your answer?"

"I said," rejoined the lady, "I hope so."

"Haven't you got further than that?" repeated the young man.

"Yes, indeed, I have," said the lady; "I have been a Christian for forty years!"

"Then, why did you not say so? You should have said that."

"Now, suppose," continued the lady, "I ask you the question, Are you saved? what would your answer be?"

"Ah, yes, thank God I am," replied the young man, with a happy face.

"I understand now what you mean," said the lady, and, bidding the young man good evening, walked thoughtfully away.

Afterwards, when this lady met me, she said, "I know now what to say when I am challenged by you or any of your people, about my salvation—not, 'I hope so,' but, 'Yes, thank the Lord!'"

Notwithstanding this little banter, she not only ever after gave this answer for herself, but never let any one pass who said, "I hope so." She became proverbial for this, and never let the hoping kind escape.

Many people say, "I hope so," when they really mean, "I believe." Hoping has to do with something in the future—believing, with that which is present. We do not hope for a thing we have. "I hope I shall" implies that I have not yet obtained possession of the thing I desire. It also implies that the Holy Ghost, who is the author of all good desires, has been striving with me, and that I have not accepted his offer. But "I hope I shall" means nothing, and it is not only vague, but dangerous.

I know many persons who, I really believe, have accepted Christ as their salvation, but who nevertheless continue to say, "I hope so." This does not produce any happy result in their own minds, nor tend to confirm their confidence. It is neither well for themselves nor for their usefulness. On the other hand, I have known believers who used to say, "I hope so," but who, when roused from this bad habit, became clear and decided as to their own standing; and, besides this, they have gone on to be earnest and accurate in their testimony and work for the Lord.

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ONLY the Christian religion puts morality on its proper basis—the fear and love of God.—*Johnson.*

Question Corner.—No. 21.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

57. Name two men who were killed by a woman?

58. Where, and on what occasion do we read of horses being consecrated to the sun in Jerusalem?

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